The AGE and LIFE of MAN,

Or A ſhort Deſcription of his Nature, Riſe and Fall, according to the twelve Months of the year, to be Sung with the Tune of The Iſle of Ken.

UPon the ſixteen hundred year,
Of God fifty and three,
Frae Chriſt was born that bought us dear,
as Writings teſtifie:
On *January* the ſixteenth Day,
as I did lie alone,
With many Sigh and Sob did ſay,
making an heavy Moan.

Dame Nature, that excellent Bride,
did ſtand up me before,
And ſaid to me, thou muſt provide
this Life for to abhor:
Thou ſees what Things are gone before,
Experience teacheth thee;
In what Eſtate that e'er thou be,
remember Man to die.

Of all the Creatures bearing Life,
recal back in thy Mind;
Conſider how they ebb and thrive,
each Thing in their own Kind:
Yet few of them have ſuch a ſtrain;
as God hath giv'n to thee;
Therefore this Leſſon keep in Mind;
remember Man to die.

Man's Courſe on Earth I will report,
if I have Time and Space;
It may be long, it may be ſhort,
as God hath giv'n thee Grace:
His Nature to the Herbs compare,
that in the Ground lie dead;
And to each Moneth add five Years,
and ſo we will proceed.

The firſt five years then of Man's life,
compare to *Januar*;
In all that time but Sturt and Strife,
he can but Greet and Roar:
So are the Fields of Flow'rs all bare,
by reaſon of the Froſt,
Keeping the Ground both ſoft and ſound,
yet none of them is loſt.

So to years ten, I will ſpeak then,
of *Februar* but lack;
The Child is meek, and weak of Sp'rit,
nothing can undertake:
So are the Flow'rs for lack of Show'rs,
no Springing up can make;
Yet Birds do ſing, and Praiſe their King,
and each one chooſe their Mate.

Then cometh *March*, that noble Arch,
with wholſome Spring and Air,
The Child doth ſpring to years fifteen,
with Viſage Fine and Fair:
So do the Flow'rs with ſoftning Showr's;
ay ſpring up as we ſee,
Yet ne'ertheleſs remember this,
one Day that we muſt die.

Then brave *April* doth ſweetly ſmile,
the Flow'rs do fair appear,
The Child is then become a Man,
of th' age of twenty year:
If he be Kind, and well inclin'd,
and brought up at the School,
Then Men may know, if he forth ſhew,
a wiſe Man, or a Fool.

Then cometh *May*, Gallant and Gay,
when fragrant Flow'rs do thrive,
The Child is then become a Man,
of age twentie and five:
And for his *Life* doth ſeek a Wife,
his Life and Days to ſpend.
Chriſt from above ſend Peace and Love,
and Grace unto the end.

Then cometh *June* with pleaſant Tune,
when Fields with Flow'rs are clad,
And *Phœbus* bright is at his Hight,
all Creatures then are fed.
Then he appears of thirtie years,
wih Courage Bold and Stout,
His Nature ſo makes him to go,
of Death he hath no doubt.

Then *July* comes with his hot Calms,
and conſtant in his Kind;
The Man doth thrive to thirtie five,
then ſober is in Mind:
His Children ſmall do on him call,
and breeds him Sturt and Strife;
His Wife may die, and ſo muſt he
go ſeek another Wife.

Then *Auguſt* old, both Stout and Bold,
when Flow'rs do ſtoutly ſtand;
So Man appears to fourtie years,
with Wiſdom and Command:
And doth provide his Houſe to guide,
Children and Familie;
Yet do not miſs to mind well this,
one Day that thou muſt die.

September then comes with his Train,
and makes the Flow'rs to fade:
Then Man belive is fourtie five,
Grave, Conſtant, Wiſe and Sad:
When he looks on how Youth is gone,
and ſhall it no more ſee;
Then may he ſay both *Night* and Day,
have Mercy Lord on me.

October's Blaſts come in with Boaſts,
and make the Flow'rs to fall;
Then Man appears to fifty years,
old Age doth on him call:
The Almond-tree doth flouriſh hie,
and Pale grows Man we ſee;
Then is it Time to uſe this Line,
remember Man to die.

November's Air maketh Fields bare;
of Flow'rs, of Graſs and Corn;
Then Man appears fifty five years,
and ſick both Ev'n and Morn:
Loins, Legs and Thighs with ſore Diſeaſe,
make him to Sigh and ſay,
Ah! Chriſt on High have mind of me,
and *Learn* me for to die.

December fell both ſharp and ſnell,
makes Flow'rs creep in the Ground,
Then *Man's* threeſcore, both Sick and ſore
no Soundneſs in him's found:
His Ears and Eyne, and Teeth of Bean,
all theſe now do him fail,
Then may he ſay both *Night* and Day,
that Death ſhall him aſſail.

And if there be, through nature ſtrong,
ſome that live ten years more;
Or if he creepeth up and down,
till he come to fourſcore;
Yet all this Time is but a Line
no Pleaſure can he ſee,
Then may he ſay both Night and *Day*,
have mercy, *Lord*, on me.

Thus have I ſhown you, as I can,
the Courſe of all Mens Life;
We will return, where we began,
but either *Sturt* or Strife.
Dame Memorie, doth take her leave,
ſhe'll laſte no more we ſee:
God grant that *I* may not him grive,
ye'll get no more of me.

FINIS.

32

O Raree Show, O Brave Show!

Who *see my*

Fine Pretty Show;

Or *the* New Raree Show

BALLAD.

To *a new tune, much in request.*

Enter'd in the Stamp-Office, according to the late Act of Parliament.

London, Printed by *Edw. Midwinter*, at the *Star* in *Pye-Corner*.

(Price Two Pence)

49

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Fine Pretty Show:

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To a new tune, much in request.

Entered in the Stamp-Office according to the late Act of Parliament.

London, Printed by [illegible], at the Sun in Pye-Corner.
(Price Two Pence.)

Oh Raree Show! Oh brave Show!

HERE be de ver pretty Show, as ever was ſeen,
Juſt come o're from *Frrnce------God ſave the Queen.*
Oh raree Show, O pretty Show, O fine Gallantee Show!

Firſt, Here be de Queen o' *Great Britain*, give *Europe* de Peace,
And here be de *Engliſh Wigs* a fretting their Greaſe, *O raree, &c.*

Here's de *Plenipo's* at *Utrick* ſit round a de HALL,
And here be *ſome in de Corner* a Curſing dem all. *O raree, &c.*

Here be de *Engliſh* and *French* ſhake Hands veree much,
And here be de fine *Sugar-Plumb* to pleaſe a de *D----b*, *O raree,*

Here be de *Germans* too, at length come into de *Work*,
Becauſe dey no help it, for fear of de *Turk*, *O raree*, &c.

Here be de *Northern* Allies go on veree Civil,
And here be de brave *Stienbok* beat dem all like de Devil, *O &c.*

Here be de *Turk*, *Sweed*, and *Tarter*, de marſh Rank and File,
And here be de *Cz---rs* A---ſe make Buttons de while. *O*, &c.

Here be ſomebody elſe too, be almoſt be-Sh---t,
For fear a de *Engliſh* ſhou'd ſend a their Fleet. *O raree*, &c.

Here be doſe fine *Princes*, of veree great Note-a,
That now ders no need on't, will ſend-a den *Quota*. *O*, &c.

Here be de *Portugueze*, make Peace in good time,
And here be de brave *Engliſh* a Toping *French* Wine. *O*, &c.

Here be de *Germans*, a Sailiug from *Spain*,
And here be de poor *Cat'lan's* in veree great Pain.
O raree Show, O pretty Show, O fine Gallante Show.

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